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eceive their papers at the same post office. The following gentlemen will act as agents in the H. B. Knight, 48 Beekman street, New York. Wm. Alcorn, 826 Lombard street Philadelphia.

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beeriber, and twenty-five cents on each a A club of three subscribers, one of whom man be

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. AR INCIDENT ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

Ernst ist das Leben. About midway between Sachem's Head and Reach, these well-known watering plathe Connecticut shore, a small cove or like a silver tongue, up into the rife and meaning seaward cling shore in little curves and dents, out slender silver arms among the

n sedges of the marshes, as if seek-

hat inland quiet which it is their desof white, wave-ribbed sand by a circlet of houses, the green, rank and a low range of broken upland, worthy of the name of hills, but soffibut off all objects landward, save a 7 line in the distance, which indicates ne of the Tatoket range of hills. ward roll ceaselessly the blue waves and, and etectal and along ut the disfrom one half mile to some four or five from shore, are scattered a dozen or more

high water, mere hummocks of rock d, everrun by rock pear, a species of earing blossoms of delicate yellow, with ed there a stunted pine; others long, rrep reaches of sand, easy of access, and e the chosen locations of "fish houses," oir accompanying reels, great clumsy which, with the salty, white seine, and over their long arms, remind one of The ready to do battle with the storms; and life w of the larger rock-bound nooks of where the whortleberry and the y thrive in profusion, and the whisperer summer, gay parties of pleasure

sland loom faintly through the distance, azure, and pearl-hued, like the walls of earl, where there is no more night.

ese few islands are not without their lemy lore, as every one is aware who has en honored with a seat in the storn of fisherman's boat, when he pulled off, in ray dawn or evening twilight, to visit his his silence, said, reaching out a thin hand, that pots, or has shared his lunch with one was instantly folded in that of his friend outer reef," when hunger grew too is of buccaneers and smugglers; and, at, and hand-over hand, drow in his

and lest heart and eye and soul to the scene

until life, with its tumeils and bitter strivings,

The hamlet itself is small, and, though, boastnd is generally well-filled, not, of course, by he most fashionable, but by quiet country demen who come there because their fathers id before them, who swear at the new-fangled call the old boatman by the soubrial make a great impression upon new com-especially women and children. Add to

keen, shrewd observers of character, dry as hittle given to "taking in" men as well them. St. obsequious and obliging enough to

the season," and the old farm house of our that everything east into the sea near shore lord, M. Q- was crowded with board- does not who presented the usual variety of charac-Imong them were three, who interested ed with the boarders in the common room physical and psychological view, not

ween the shoulders, which no art of well, and not seine. s could wholly conceal. They never min- The man himself was a specimen, both in a a upon the beach, or sat by the open win-lot their room, (which was divided from like the ancient mariner, but sturdy, and, as

The other person, whose presence was food man:"
my busy mind, was Adrian Vannesse, a "Of a attainments, habits of deep original thought, One redeeming trait of manhood he had kept through all—be was always true to his mands at the same time. Tenderness equal to to a minute. For the rest, to quote again from he took my young cousin under his charge, and made my office of nurse almost a sinecure. But with all these rare qualities, combined with wealth and that personal presence which is better than beauty, I felt that Adrian Van-

nesse lacked something. I could not watch him without the hut, with his tarpaulin jummed and Walter long together, without feeling that down upon his head, and his red flannel shirt that slender boy-student, with his pale cheek sleeves rolled up above his elbows, splicing a and Walter long together, without feeling that that slender boy-student, with his pale cheek and sunken eye, passing so slowly, yet, as my beart told me, so surely, away from earth, was with him about their plans for the next mornbeart told me, so surely, away from earth, was far the richer and wiser of the two, for Adrian

Semething-I know not what-but something in his early experience had come to give strength and depth to those doubte that sooner or later beset such earnest, inquiring natures as his, and he had taken refuge in a refined species of materialism. This knowledge was an inference drawn from a series of incidental remarks, rather than from any open statement of his own; for he was no vulgar asserter of his creed, no Jesuitical proselyter, bent upon bringing every one to his views.

To Walter Aynton, pain and illness had been the angel with which he had wrestled, like Jacob of old, until he had obtained the blessing, the unspeakable blessing, of perfect faith and trust in God. Thus it was, in all our conver-cations on life and life's ends, that all that seemed dark and intrieste and contradictory, Walter trusted to God, certain that in the life water trusted to God, certain that in the life beyond it would all be made clear in the "brightness of the everlasting light." But I could read no corresponding faith in the dark eyes of Vannesse—no glow of hope lit up the ealm, stern features of his grandly-chiseled face.

One glorious day, as we sat beneath the shade trees on the lawn, Adrian read, in soft, deep togethat the state of the lawn, and the shade trees that west musical west malauchold. deep tones, that most musical, most melancholy, because most hopeless of all Tennyson's poems, the "Lotus Eaters;" and as he closed he re-peated, more to himself than us, and as if in

answer to some query of his own mind-"There is confusion worse than death; Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged bresth—
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

Then added, slowly, "And this is the sum of

There was something so sad, so inexpressibly hopeless, in his voice, that for a brief moment it did seem that this were indeed all—then a s and ancient bass-woods shelter, sum- bright glow lit up Walter's pale cheek, and he

a cld and young.

In the see, the view is unbroken, save a higher, better doctrine than that, heathen though he be!"

And, taking the book from Adrian's hand zure, and pearl-hued, like the walls of he read the noble poem that bears the name hanted city. Many and many a time, of the sage of Ithaca—that poem so replete child, have I watched these shores from with kingly dignity, self-conscious power, melwooded hillside pasture above our old castead, and thought of the New Jerusalem, its walls of precious stones and its gates trials long since "lived down," but which have made him

> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." Vannesse did not reply for some moments; and Walter, perchance mistaking the cause of

"Forgive me, Adrian. I have lived fewer years than you, in number; but suffering, though bitter, is a rare teacher; and it seems the to say, the initials of Captain Kyd, with date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the date 1687, cut in the solid rock on the doubt the existence or the goodness of Ged."

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"I do not doubt the existence or the foot inks the then, which the foot is now the foot of the wind the foot of the sum the foot of the bed-room, is a perfect gem. The shall the shall the foot of the stars—the doubt the stars—the doubt the stars—the doubt the stars—the doubt the stars—the to say, the initials of Captain Kyd, with to me uncommonly cowardly, so to speak, to former times, they are noted now only as a What are we, that he should steep to interfere ant place for pic-nics, and, last, but by no with our affairs, or take note of our trivialities? wid recall to more than one reader the long magnify him; that thou shouldst set thy heart stranger days when, with some silent, grim-vis- upon him; that thou shouldst visit him morning and evening, and try him every mo-

lence, look yonder "-and, by a glance, he di-Davenport was slowly toiling up from the beach-"there is an argument to the point. What has that young girl done, to be thus you old fool, and gie me the blanket, can't cursed from her birth? Endowed, if her face ye?" does not belie her, with all woman's restless yearning for companionship-love-and yet For a moment Walter's face was troubled; then, as he caught the love lighted glance

which the girl lifted toward the window where up, and, rising and laying his hand on Adrian's | ple, he saidshoulder, he said, earnestly-"Indeed, I do think so, my friend. Once, this same thing would have troubled me; but,

now I know. Adrian ; for, "Knowledge by suffering entereth, And life is perfected by death." Chance, as he would call it, gave Adrian Vancese an opportunity to ask these questions

cident I am about to relate will show. amateur fishermen, genuine lovers of the ter several weeks of extreme heat, there came and line, and you have a sample of the one of those intensely hot days, when the earth puny" which most does "congregate" at is like one great kilo, and the very atmosphere like molten lead. The sca lay flat, motionless, pulseless-prostrated beneath the fierceness of tious race, living equally well on land or the sun's rays—the sedges were crisped and dry and husky, as if a fire had passed over

cangers, but notoriously quarrelsome among night the air, instead of growing cooler, seemed to be stiller, sultrier, more stifling, if possis babits are more irascible and belligerent sofa, Adrian Vannesse and I walked down to but the bipeds of these hamlets the beach. We did not gain much, for the God!" invariably given to infirmities of temper, sand scorebed our eyes and our feet; besides, ef notion of liberty seems to be it was "dead low water," and the great bare muddy flats lay reeking and steaming in the years ago, it was my fortune to spend sun, in all their unsightliness; for, whatever weeks in this place. Is was in the height may be true of the great ocean, I am certain

However, we walked on, until we left the in, deep mourning, served to fish-house, which served to shelter the man on the rumor that they were a minister's who acted as Charon in all our sailing and dow and child. The mother looked like fishing expeditions. Once or twice, I had penethe who here the burden of some unspoken trated into the hidden mysteries of the place, for the sake of seeing the man's bed-ridden mother—a great, gaunt, skeleton of a woman, er, and noticed the deformity of the half palsied, who sat up in her bunk, sick or

"Lean and lank and brown,

times the poets, Milton or Words earth, of which he was formed; neither had to ficuer, from the Bible, the sublime he the long "white beard and glittering eye," s of David and Isaiah, or the burning which wrought such a spell upon the luckless Are Davenport, and the latter addressed the child as Bertha, and that was all I knew of them.

The addressed the and grizzled, like a mildewed stubble-field, and a light gray eye, everhung by massy, shaggy eyebrows. But, like to old Chaucer's "Shop-

theman of some thirty-five years—at least, nor over his temper either, judging from the guessed, but he might have had a dozen many stories we heard of his fierce, ungovern-He proved to be a former acquaintance and tage of this inficulty, and had involved him in allow traveller of my dear charge and young law-suit after law-suit, and given him one relative, Walter Aynton. They had met, a month's residence in the county jail after an-winter or two previous, in Cuba, and now rewed their acquainfance with pleasure. In- ownership and mastership of a pretty schoonad enthusiastic in his praises of his friend, and not without reason; for Vannesse attached shelter, in which, with his old mother and his shelter, in which, with his old mother and his comparty, and I soon found that, to only remaining child, a bright eyed boy of ten,

resistless individuality which wins and com- word, and on all our expeditions was punctual

"In his own craft to reckon well the tides,
The sea's deep currents, and the shoals besides,
The sun's height and the moon's, and pilotage,
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage." Now he sate on a decayed piece of timber

ing, and we passed on to where the lee of a rocky point promised some hope of shelter from the sun. Here we sat, and pertinaciously

called up visions of icebergs and Polar seas, of wintry shipwrecks and frozen mariners, not

"The schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry soa,
And the skipper who took his little daughter,
To bear him companie." But it was in vain; we could not even raise an imaginary breeze. The pale, coppery sky seemed to shut down closer and closer over us, and we could only sit and laugh at our own folly. At length there came one or two slight puffs of air from the westward, and Adrian, who was well versed in the signs of the weather, suggested that we should go home before the

storm overtook us.

I laughed at the idea of a storm; but, helping me up the rocks which had sheltered us on the west, he pointed to where, all along the said:
western sky, from the horizon towards the
zenith, stretched fine lines of pale, yellow-light, justice

eaying—
"Look! there is the proof of my words; and," see," he continued, climbing to the highest point, which gave us an out-look beyond the range of hills to the north and west, "there it comes, in good earnest." And all along the west stretched a cloud.

black as night, save where its beautifully curved edge was bordered with a strip of clear "We shall hardly have time to reach home," observed Adrian, as he watched its giant strides

up the western sky.
Still we lingered, in awe and admiration. until, lighting up its edge for a few moments with a richer splendor, the sun disappeared beneath it, and its black shadow fell on land and sea. Then came the muttered thunder, followed by the crinkling lightning. There was a pause, while the light streak near the horizon rapidly widened, and the ocean moan-ed and rocked in long, undulating swelle; and then came a roar as of many waters—a rush as of the wings of mighty winds-and the storm was upon us—not of mere rain-drops, but a thick, blinding, bewildering spray and mist,

driven before the fiercest of winds. Adrian Vannesse drew his strong arm about me, and started for the fisherman's hut, the in a tone of horror—
"Good God! what madness!"

And, following the direction of his glance, I saw, through the thick mist and spray, for one moment, the white sail of a boat, a few rods distant from the rocky point we had just left; for one moment, then came a loud, shrill, fearful cry of agony and deathly fear, swelling above the storm; and the boat, and he who uttered it, went down beneath the leaping waves.

breathed, until Vannesse emerged from the railroad, with its quick, iron ring, seemed tendwater, followed by our old beatman, bearing ing us from the hard, suffering present into as the best fishing ground in the Your old Syriac Job felt this keenly, when he that above description, we trust, exclaimed, What is man, that then shouldst and lay down upon the floor the body of the boatman's only son. The man looked at no head to his knee, wrung the water from the tangled, sun-burned locks, and chafed the cold,

"Hold your tongue, mother!" he cried, at last. "There's life in the lad yet! Get up,

"Oh! Dave, Dave, man! the lad never'll breathe again-he's clean gone!" screamed the old woman, but he cut her short with a woman's sorrows. Think you her unbiased voiley of curses, and, with a sedden jerk, drew verdict would say much for His goodness?" the ragged coverlet from beneath her old bones, and wrapped it round the child.

Adrian Vannesse knelt on the earthen floor her mother sat, and saw the spiritual expres-sion of the small, sweet face, his own lighted length, pointing to a dark bruise on his temlength, pointing to a dark bruise on his tem-

"My poor friend, this is useless. Your boy will never speak or move again. He is dead! "Not speak again—not move—my Billy—the handiest, smartest lad in the whole Cove dead!" said the man, dreamingly. "You lie!" he shouted, turning suddenly upon Vannesse "he never minded a ducking—he ain't dead!"

Adrian did not reply otherwise than by plaeing the miserable father's hand over the pulseless heart. The man drew back with a start and a shudder that ran through his giant frame, then, sinking down on the floor, he sat gazing into the child's pale, open face with a

look of vacant dumb misery.
"Dead! dead! He'll never hail the skiff again-never. Oh, my boy! my boy!" and nigh overpowered the raging of the storm. Suddenly the old woman raised herself up

and said, in a tone that was a strange blending of childishness and authority: "It's the hand o' God, Davoy-the hand o'

"Then why didn't, he take you, you old worthless hulk, or me, who am good for nothing but to die, and not the laughin', happy boy!" said the miserable man, augrily. "Ah, Billy, lad—the last o' ten—all gone! all gone! gone where?" he muttered, as if a new thought gone where?" he muttered, as if a new thought was struggling in upon his grief. Then turn and went through a mock presentation with

said, eagerly :good un! I've heard ye and tother un readin' an' talkin' in outlandish tongues sech as the likes o' me don't understand, an' ye know a

Shall I ever see him agin?" And he-the all accomplished man of the world, the rare scholar, the deep thinker, who prided himself on the strength of his reason, and boasted that man's intellect was sufficient for his wants-stood demb before the mighty mystery of Death! Among all his finewrought arguments and subtleties of the intellect, there was not one which could give comfort to that wretched, questioning father, or lift his bruised spirit above the lifeless lump of

clay at his feet!
"It's a' in the Bible, man," muttered the old erone. "Surely, Dave, I gin ye good schoolin'

"Aye, and bad enough ein, mother," murmured the man-"so it is e'en as broad as 'tis long;" and again he bent his deep, carnest gaze upon Vannesse; but, before his lips could utter again the startling, "Where is he gone?"
a slight figure, with dripping black garments clinging to her delicate limbs, and long golden ourls streaming over her shoulders, came softly rom a remote corner of the room, and, laying her small white hand on the arm of the giant

"He has gone to God sir—that," pointing to the lifeless body, "is only the form, the shell, in which your little boy lived while here. Now, he has gone home, to our Father in Heaven, where there is neither sin, nor sorrow, nor

"That you may be the more willing to follow

no more to you, was the quiet answer; and then, in that low, sweet tone, she went of to speak of God—not as the unknown—the infinite, over whose essence and attributes philosophers lose themselves in a waste of words, but as the all-wise, all-good Father, and of the 3on, given themselves up to vile pursuits on earth, who 'carrieth the lambs in his bosone to and do bad deeds, will follow the same path,

arm, we walked home after the tempest bad tion of a night within the uns spent its fury, and learned how she, too, had tainebleau, with decided belief: been caught in the storm, and forced to took shelter in the fisherman's hut; but he said our temporary home. Then, taking her bard, where I remained some weeks, during which and baring his head, as if in reverence, he our work was suspended. I returned at the "Pardon me, Miss Davenport, and do me the

tive. But this religious faith of yours—tell me, has it brought you rest? Is it sufficient for all times and seasons?" The sweet, child-like face was raised to his

a moment, in surprise; then, pointing to where the black clouds rolled in jagged masses over the western sky, she said: "There come days and hours, in all live certainly in mine-when clouds and thick darkness are about us, like those yonder; but

abiding peace." And, surely, no one who looked upon that sorene, thoughtful face, could doubt it. Adrian Vannesse, like his great model, Saul

of Tarsus, after suffering grievous temptations, is now a preacher of God's truth; and when doubt or discouragement beset him, as they the clear eyes of her whom he once thought born only as the heritor of woman's sorrows, to read there a never-failing evangel of faith and hope, as he whispers the sweet, fond words, "My wife."

For the National Era. BELL SMITH ABROAD. No. XIX.

FONTAINEBLEAU. DEAR FRIEND: The delicious spring weather physical suffering. The absence of the sufficed to make one content; but kind, full heartmore-the country I looked upon had many features in common with the Mac-a sheek life, to blend them in the present. I la ighed, I cried, I clapped my hands like a gir; and the good hearts with me took up the feling,

and we sang "Home, sweet, sweet home" in a up at a enowy, quiet little inn, with brick floors and erooked stairs, all flavored considerably of in one corner, with queer, antiquated fur-libure, had a balcony under the window; and while sitting on this, had I seen Don Quixo e and Sancho Panza, mounted on Rezmants and Dapple, ride down the narrow, silent st eet, I ild not have been at all surprised. The frame-work of that golden picture is ve' there. to keep in countenance the personages, thould

they again appear. One day was too much like the other for a record. You know how I despise accounts of which commences in this true Niegare guidebook style: "Oh! you who, to discover and admire the capricious marvels of the world, traverse the earth and brave the seas, conce to like children turned loose from school, han We wandered through the woods, having been island in the centre of their lake, where Naporicus proposal of a resignation; we sang "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-spangled Banner;" we lunched in the magnificent "Salle deal shawls, cleaks, and table covers, were too ridiculous for dignity. It is to be hoped the matscale; but, to tell you the truth, I fell over my train, while Lucy and Miss E. fairly wheeled

No one must suppose for a moment that this fire, as he had stood before the most fearful Pompadour, and with which Napoli in and ly gave us the keys, and unlimited feedom, and we treated Fontainebleau in a ver? familafter, and was admitted on the day a propri-ated to the public, says he was taken brough ated to the public, says he was taken 'hrough at the rate of "sixty miles an hour." and act-

destiny; and, relatively, it seemed at the moment a contrast of strength and weakness.

But in an adjoining chamber is preserved the
little table on which his destiny, accomplished,
was signed—his abdication, which made the vast empire vanish like a dream! Let no one

music greet their entrance; to others, these doors would shut, and chairs, tables, and even altar candlesticks, become means of offence.

Who is it that says that they who have

PHANTOMS.

After the destruction of the roof and part of

little or nothing until we reached the porch of the walls, the death of - called me to Paris, our work was suspended. I returned at the orders to continue the new theatre. I left in justice to believe that I ask from so dle mother the afternoon trains, and arrived in one of the ugliest winter storms to be witnessed in France. After a hearty dinner at the hotel, and sleepy readings by-nods of the day's papers, I at last gathered up my little baggage, and wended my way to the snuggery which I had appropriated in the palace as a sleeping spartment. I passed the sentries, muffled in their cloaks and creaching closely to their boxes, and al-most stopped in the grand court where so many events have been enacted. I could see the dim I know that behind them shines the sure sun outline of the palace—I could almost recog-of God's love; and I have peace—deep and nise the circular stairway, which so many outline of the palace-I could almost recogkings, queens, courtiers, statesmen, beauties, and generals, had traversed, and down which Napoleon came to embrace in a last adieu his Old Guard. As I hesitated for a second, staring into the wild night, the old clock above the doorway tolled out the hour of ten. It was indeed the voice of time, tolling its ghostly

summons into the drowsy ear of night. I pull

ed my cloak closer about me, and sought my

To my great horror, I found, from some interference by our workmen with the roof, the continued rain and enow of the past week had found their way in, and my room was anything but habitable. I had to find other quarties, and the idea of wandering through the vast Chateau in search of a resting place seemed as dreary as such a search would be through a deserted town at midnight. I had no help for it, however. So, descending to the lodge, I secured the services of old Marie and

Madame Marie soon arranged the huge bed.

and ordered the men to light the pile of wood the joyous land of romance. To such high in the fire-place of the larger room. The ment one must have a preface, and mixt had smoke, for a while, rolled heavily into the been days and months of anxiety, early and apartment, but as the heat gathered force, took the proper direction, and in a few minutes I had a capital fire. Left to myself, I drew an an hour, sat looking into the sputtering fire, and listening to the storm rattle and beat upon plains, where surly winter yet lingers, at d my the windows. Drowsy at last, I stole to my strange bed-so strange, that I soon wakened ble. I could not get to sleep, but turned and turned for hours, listening to the furious storm, or looking at-the fire. At last the blaze went down, and shadows, more and more gloomy, Arriving in Fontainebleau, we scorned, like seemed to dance upon the goblin tapestry in true originals, the fashionable hotel, and put the adjoining chamber, into which I looked giving a sort of life to the vivid figures. I could, between sleeping and waking, almost see the figures move. In vain I attempted to more I courted his roothing presence. My mind took up the many legends—the many cruel deeds, which had once made the very stones quake with fright. I thought of the Louis the Just, because a clumsy trick, harmful to no one but himself, had failed. All the sudden deaths, and mysterious disappearances, would throng my brain. I saw jealous and inanimate things, and, for further particulars Moualdeschi, in the dim and ghostly "gallery of castle and contents, I must refer you to the of Cerfs," and demand the authorship of cerproper work, to be had on the ground, and tain letters to a fair Italian. I saw her beeken the two assassins and the priest; I heard again admire the capricious marvels of the world, tion; I saw the murderous attack upon the traverse the earth and brave the seas, conce to unarmed man, who, clad in coat of mail, refully, he noticed a flower, which, having bloom-fontainebleau." The fact is, we acted more sisted with his hands, until face and hands ed its time and perfected its seed, was withwere cut to pieces, and, a frightful spectacle, oring. people who had "traversed the earth and he blindly flow from his assassine, vainly crybraved the seas" to come to Fontainch can, ing for mercy—until he fell, dying by inches We wandered through the woods, having been I could not clear my brain of this stuff, long enough from the forests of our native while the storm dashed itself against the huge and to respect any sort of attempt in that line. windows; the fire gradually burned down, on We rowed to and fro upon the long canal; we til the room became more dim, and long shadinvaded the sanctuary of the swans, upon the lows began to play upon the goblin tapestry, as if the figures, endowed with life, were flitting that each individual by and at each other. I would drop into a up into a higher?" describe. At last, I became conscious of some one above it. Through all the world do we Gardes;" recited in the little theatre built for one being in the room-the larger room adjoining, where new smouldered the fire, and From my dust will be moulded a higher type and went through a mock presentation with peried doors. Yes, it was surely so; some one more exquisite odor. I am not lost," more fun than dignity. Indeed, the mock sov- stood before the fire. Strange to say, I was But Conservative heard none of ereign, with a cap turned up in front for a not startled, or alarmed, only influenced by a flower spoke too softly. But while the flower strange sense of awe. I could not, and yet I tain, but the general outlines were there, markter is better done when played on a grander ing the fearful man-for it was indeed him. I saw the cocked hat-I could almost rea the round, shocking etiquette by so marching out. ed behind his back. Yes, he stood before that

is the ordinary style of seeing Fontainebleau.

Representation of means. We are fortunate in While I gazed, spell-bound, upon this apparatus By no manner of means. We are fortuate in being the friends Mr. K, the architect, now engaged in building for Louis Napoleon a thought, the very tapestry, at the farther end theatre, on a more extensive scale that that of of the room; and it slowly, and with kingly the little one constructed for Madar e de la stateliness, stalked across the floor, a gigantic Josephine were so delighted. Our friend kind- and, as it turned its face slowly as it advanced towards the fire-place, I saw the straight line from the forehead to the end of the nose, which marks so decidedly his portrait in the Louvre. of surprise, until he melts into the heavy gloom gathered at the further end of the apartment. if its firmest base were this same deceitful And now come two others—the one, fair and sea?" beautiful as a summer's day, her long, silken, the hundredth time, for not giving you some suburn locks falling over, and almost hiding solid information on what I have seen and the lustrous blue eyes; the other, dark as night heard. But I tax my memory in vain-I can They, too, glids on and disappear, to be follow-recollect nothing I felt impressed by, save the ed by one unlike all others. What a fierce, long suite of gorgeous apartments in which is Heliness, the Pope Pius VII, was imprisoned, for nearly two years. I could almost see the old man slowly pacing over the polished fire. Hardly had the soowling apparition dis-

appeared, than another came, and so, in congo around the earth, and compass it; and we
trast, he seemed an angel of light; mild, quiet,
passing slowly on. He gezed, too, in the same
direction with the others, but in rather a look ment, before he replied:

"If He is our Father, Miss, and good as you say, why did he let him die? I wouldn't a let him?"

"It wouldn't a let him?" the little table, tells more of the man tran volumes of biography. From all the featerist the crown only clearly marked and glittering; things, I turned continually, as I walked, day but his companion, tall, thin, is distinctly visionally and silent. Then, after day, through the long halls and silent. We dere the earth and climb and in the hands of all whose tastes lead them and in the hands of all whose tastes lead them attempted to do this, the sky, yet we do not tire; for, whether we have done indistinct and climb the sky, yet we do not tire; for, whether we have done indistinct and climb the sky, yet we do not tire; for, whether we are not weary. We dere not weary. We dere not weary. British Government attempted to do this, the artempt would have been an abortive one, so far as the legality of the slave trade and Slavernment attempted to do this, the artempt would have been an abortive one, so far as the legality of the slave trade and Slavernment attempted to do this, the artempt would have been an abortive one, so far as the legality of the slave trade and Slavernment attempted to do this, the artempt would have been an abortive one, so far as the legality of the slave trade and Slavernment attempted to do this, the sky, yet we do not tire; for, whether we are not weary. We dere not weary.

her face to that of the dead, a moment, before he replied:

"No; if He is good, as you say, he is better of there. But shall I ever see him, agin, Miss? Is it true, what them parsons say?" he added, anxiously.

"Yes, you shall see him, if you obey God, for you shall see him, but he shall return no more to you, was the quiet answer; and then, in that low, sweet tone, she went of to the forms before the dying fire stand motion-less. Will there be another? I strain my eyes to see. The fire burns lower and lower; while the gloom deepens, the storm grows loud apace, and seems to change into the cehoing roar of cannon and wild cries, as if a nation were gathering into strife; and now a terrific explowhom even the most poor and ignorant bay come, and find pardon and peace.

Adrian Vannesse never forget that le son. With Bertha Davenport leaning on his cher archivet, in illustration, the following narrature, we walked home after the tempest bad

"The sentinel cock, shrill chanticleer, Had wound his bugle horn, And told the early villager The coming of the morn.

For the National Era. THE STORY OF CONSERVATIVE.

call him so. He was of a very large family: he had many brothers and sisters. He was of asunder, as a strong man might a barrier of a very high family, too, and boasted much of straw, (at the moment nearly brushing away the rare blood of his veins, though it is whis- the ingenious builder, himself) and here it on pered (this, also, is upon the authority of the wind) that this same rare blood might be going. So, in spite of Conservative's worthy traced back to an old gardener, who once lost

The fine, tangled roots, deep down in the blue and pink blooms, which grew to a new

tempted us out, and, with a merry party, made two men, and we set off in our search for a each one of which was new and more wonder-up of Dr. Bob and friend, Lucy, Mr. H., and sleeping room. I knew the most inhabitable, ful than any that they had ever told before. ful than any that they had ever told before. myself, we set off per railroad for Fontaine- at least the most comfortable, were those of And there were thousands of birds-birds that banks of the Seine, and over the hazy-theted into one, being separated at the doorways deep into the night. And what was said in ling dams. level of the country about Paris—the modern only by the heavy tapestry. The smaller, the these songs no man could ever guess only that

far away; and this river caught them up in its wide-spread arms, and bore them on with a favorite with ne. This is not a book we have But Conservative was not happy in this beautiful land, for he was half blind, and, with- a book full of piety and poetry. His style parthese, the sound of that far-off, mysterious sea, which seemed gathering everything to itself-ail these troubled and confused him. All day dyed birds, flitted across the upper deep; and they oppressed him with a sense of change and mutability.

The tree sprouted its pale foliage, and wrapped it about it like a veil of delicate green. Anon it deepened to a richer hue, and spread the full perfection of its leaf, and, putting on fold after fold, its greenness, hid among its branches small, delicate buds. Later, those bloom; and, later still, the blossom ripened to the fruit. Then there came a change. The lorn, its unclad branches beating each the other

Conservative grew sad to see it. "Wherefore, O tree! do you thus change? " he said. Wherefore? Why would you not wear your spring garments forever? the branches made answer to him, but he only half heard it; it only seemed to him as a sor- Shakspeare, the player, is often rivalled by this point clear. And as Conservative thought of it, mourn

were you not content to be a bud, that you

should unfold your heart to the sun, that he might wither you?"
Then the flower replied, very softly, you? Is it not the beautiful order of Nature

that each individual life should strive to creet not go from the Here unto the fairer Beyond But Conservative heard none of this; the

along its way.

But it made Conservative angry. "Why are ing through the world in this tipsy manner Why are you swimming away from home? Is it well that you should go away, to be drunk up by that great hungry sea, which never wearies or is satisfied, and on whose vastness the wrecks and the dead drift and blacken, years

tinual change and unrest. Will the world never be at peace, but forever upheave thus, as

wherever we go, we are seeking this beautiful rest; no, nor ever will until we find it; yet we are not weary. We delve the earth and climb

wanderings, if he bave the coho of this voice within his soul, and he be seeking it, he certainly must find it at the last. And, though the fair"hence learn," "practical remark, 1, 2, 3." on, moved by the irresistible force of the waves of human being, which are swayed like the billows of the sea, by this same restless longing for a letter Good.

gradually became louder, so that Conservative spake as never man spake. These words of must have heard the last, though be had been life, which, however wide and high the human blue of the sky and the deeper blue of the hills meet and touch each other. Where it was, I him very wroth, so that he cannot exactly tall, but at him very wroth, so that he commenced forth. man as an intellectual being, will ever be the cannot exactly tell; but, at all events, it was with to make a dam across the channel, so that, living fountains of purity, of gentleness, of goodvery far from here. "But," you ask, "what spite of its loud words, it should not go further, was his name?" As for me, I cannot tell. A But by and by the stream raised a great laugh wind in the woods, the other day, said that his at Conservative's dam, which he had construct name was Conservative. It may be; we will ed of clay and stones with incredible pains and ingenuity; and, as it laughed, it rent the dam with itself to that far-off sea, whither it was endeavor, the tree sprouted its leaf and bore his place for some petty peccadillo.

It was a beautiful country where Conservatism dwelt. In the spring-time, the hills and the stream went on its way, singing to the sea. Aye, and the sea itself heaved all the to whom style and variety of expression is woods and meadow-lands were green as green same, and ebbed and flowed with a continual

verance, which, unfortunately for the world. So, this is the story of Conservative.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EMBLEMS, DIVINE AND MORAL. By Francis Quarles. New York: Carter & Brothers. Sold by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington. 1 vol., pp. 323. With

Francis Quarlos has been for many years a now, once were regarded its chief ornaments.

Shall prove, also, by that testimony, the additional fact, that up to the year 1850, the date of the Fugitive Slave Bill, there had been no velvet-and indeed we confess to a love of State legislation, legalizing Slavery. But I must

"The fatal Cicopatra for whom he lost

The world, and was content to lose it' without admiring the beauties sentered every- dered nugatory any enactment of that charac-Quarles, the Queen's cup-bearer. We give an example, from Book III, p. 165, Emblem IV: "Lord, if the provish infant fights and flies

With unpar'd wenpons, at his mother's eyes, Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance

An angry love-tick on his arm, or so; Where, if the babe but make a lisp and cry, Her heart begins to melt, and by and by And choakes her language with a thousand kisses I am that child; lo, here I prostrate lie, Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry For gracious pardon; let thy gentle ears Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear, And if the postry were not worth the price

that it would have flowed through any other die like bubbles, we are glad to see a book reheart than Conservative's, and watered it with printed which has stood, and will stand, the its gladness, as it had watered the fields and test of human scrutiny and of Caristian experi-

> CHRIST, illustrated in a Series of Expositions. By We have carefully examined these volumes.

They are worthy of the reputation of the auwe had the pleasure to present to the notice of | tional and void. hope that notice may have led to the purchas so strange and sad, that the brook took a more of that admirable book. To such, we need serious tone as it answered him. But still the only say of this work, that it is another like waters smiled, and, as they went, flowed into contribution to the better knowledge of the rhyme, so sweet that no human tongue could Word of God. The great question is, "What watere; and it is our nature that we go about question hangs the destinics of the present and inseparable, now and forever. In these days phers, (" falsely so called,") should be in the hands of all Ministers of the Grepel especially, British Government attempted to do this, the

tops and high places, and, shining forever up ful presentation of the teachings of Christ; enamong the stars, it beckons him. It calls him, and he goes after it. True, accident will often learned illustrations of the text, is an example passion and weakness, working within him, will of the advance made upon like works of the cause him to listen to other voices than the one. last century-the pious Matthew Henry, the Local circumstance, too, will influence him ; yet, leaden-headed duliness of John Gill, and the secentric as may be his path, and devious his sensible Thomas Scott; and all commentators ness of his proportions may be marred by Dr. Brown's Expositions have nothing of this error, if he have this purpose in his heart, 'twill weary routine; all is fresh, bright, and variserve to keep him pure and true. Thus the ous; and the critical disquisitions on the text, moon, in his long journeyings, is not the less a globe because she sometimes falls beneath the which amony plain people in reading Clarke's shadow of a breader orb, and may appear to. Commentaries, and others, are here all brough us as but a silver thread. And this same prin- together at the end of the several divisions of siple which dwells in man, works likewise the book; so that what is addressed to the throughout all the universe. Comets leave a English reader is in the text, unbroken by red track asient the space as they hasten on, and even the firm-based earth itself slides for these "stones of stumbing and rocks of of ward in the general march. You, too, Con. fence." It is from no wish to sell a book we servative, (though you know it not,) are hurried write this notice, but that all to whom Christ While the stream was saying this, its voice | more pure and perfect realization of Him who soul may stretch in the growing greatness of

> ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS. By Peter Mark Rogot. Edited by Burnas Sears, D. D , Sec. retary of the Macsachusetts Board of Education Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Sold by Taylor & Maury and R. Farnham, Washington. 1 vel., pp.

every man whose business lies in the use of could be; and among the deep, sweet grass musical sound; for look you, the meon up in deemed worth labor to attain. To editors, were sprinkled violets and golden-hearted daises, so thick that your lightest step must needs seen the air sweet with their delicate odor.

But here, in justice to Conservative, I should say, that owing to his being partially blind, as I able. And what is remarkable, too—this is deemed worth labor to attain. To editors. that owing to his being partially blind, as I able. And what is remarkable, too-this is said before, he never more than half saw the the only work which has ever appeared, of the earth's brown bosom, felt a warm thrill when the sunlight of April lay among the grass above, and probably never half guested that the only work which has ever appeared, of the kind, in our language, the body of which is and shot up small buds, that unfolded delicate ters thus. And in order to drive the stream here anatomized, as it were, and distributed, up into the mountain again, (upon which not under any mero philological arrangement and dearer beauty every day.

Soheme he had fully set his heart, he went on connected with the mechanism and structure a great many winds, various and contriving means to build stronger dams; ture of language, but classified by the wants thereby developing infinite ganius and persecutive mind with reference to the nurners. of the mind with reference to the purposes never succeeded in putting together clay and of expression, and the actual demands of stones so strongly but that the stream of time oral and written communication. Now that bleau. Ah! what words can put on paper the exhilaration the warm, somy breathings of the groen earth gave us, as we flew along the cort. Here three rooms are almost thrown centuries since. It is a work of vast labor and patient, careful, discriminating thought. After a little use, this Thesaurus will become as necessary to everybody as Wobster's Dictionary.

> [COPYRIGHT SECURED BY THE AUTHOR.] For the National Era. THE LEGAL TENURE OF SLAVERY

THE COLONIAL LEGISLATURES HAD NO AU

long, the clouds, purple, and gold, and blue, new plays were first fresh from his brain, and long timenflorwards. In the appropriate place

im, from the first rettlement of the Co employment of any conceivable words and phrases could possibly do it, there could have Colonial Legislatures had no constitutional power or authority to legalize Slavery; but, on

1. "Slavery is condemned by the law of nature, and can exist only by positive enactment." This is held by the Southern courts. This was our starting point in the beginning of the presont discussion; and this is the foundation of my argument in this letter.

s e neerned is identical with the law of a ure. No intelligent and hencet lawyer will, I "The law which supports Slavery and opposes Liberty, must necessarily be condemned as cruel, for every feeling of human nature advocates Liberty."—Forteseus, de laudibus legem,

aid of human laws, to be more effectually do they derive any additional strength, when can have property in another,' is an acknowlefinetion of property, viz: 'The subjects of dominion or property are things, as contra-dis-tinguished from persons."

3. My third position is, that this common law of England is a fundamental part of the British Constitution, limiting the powers of the In 2 vols., pp. 646 and 599. New York: Carter & King and Parliament, just as the Constitution Brothers. Sold by Gray & Ballantyne and Robert of the United States limits the powers of the President and Congress. So that the King and Parliament are inhibited by the British Constitution from legalizing Slavery. Should they courte to declare such enactments unconstitu

It is generally laid down, that acts of Parament contrary to reason are wild."-Black-

on right or reason, or repugnant, or impossible to be performed, the common law will control it, and adjudge such set to be void."— 8 Coke's Reports, 118.

its subordicate Colonial or Territorial Governments, any power or authority which it does not itself posters. For example, our Federal to establish a form of religion, or confer titles the press, cannot confer on its Territorial Govatures any power to legalize them. Had the

"That you may be the more willing to follow him, perhaps," said the girl. "Tell mo," she went on, "you have lived a long time; has life been so very pleasant—would you bring him back, to live just the life you have lived?"

The man turned his thoughtful glance from the content and y, as I wasted, to the more willing to follow him, is distinctly the life wasters of the broak widened into the broader stream, they took widened note and the broader stream, they took widened note as the waters of the broader stream, they took as deeper tone as they said: "Yet we, the waters, are a type of which has disturbed them all, and, as he passes they said: "Yet we, the waters of the broader stream, they took as deeper tone as they said: "Yet we, the waters of the broader stream, they took as deeper tone as they said: "Yet we, the waters, are a type of which has disturbed them all, and, as he passes they said: "Yet we, the waters of the broader stream, they took as deeper tone as they said: "Yet we, the waters of the broader stream, they took as the posses they said: "Yet we, the waters of the broader stream, they took as the soul of revealed religion." "The man turned his thoughtful glance from broader stream, they took as the passes they said: "Yet we, the waters of the broader stream, they took as the promoter of the confer or attempt to confer